A New-Years-GIFT
For Protestants:
OR,
A Looking-Glass
displaying the sweet Face of
POPERY:
IN

I. The Wicked Principles,
II. Intollerable Pride,
III. Absurd Prayers,
IV. Ridiculous Pennances,
V. Lying Miracles,
VI. Horrid Treasons and Cruelties,
VII. Subtle Excuses, and Sham-Plots,
VIII. Open filthiness of Popes and Clergy

OF

The Church of *ROME.*

All taken from their own Authors, and digested into a Dialogue between *Hodge* a Popish *Tory*, and *Timothy* an honest Church-of-*England-Whigg.*

Dedicated to the *Youth* of *Great Britain*, for an Antidote against the Poison of *Papistry.*

LONDON: Printed for *Benjamin Harris* at the *Stationers Arms* and *Anchor* under the *Piaza* of the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill.* 1683.

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To all honeſt Proteſtants, eſpecially the *Youth* of either Sex, of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*; The *Publiſher* wiſheth Grace, Underſtanding & *Perſeverance* in the Truths of God, and a Juſt Hatred of Popery.

SOme years have now paſs'd (it being ſoon after the firſt Diſcovery of the Horrid Popiſh Plot) ſince I publiſht a ſmall Tract, Intituled The Proteſtant Tutor, *as a* Manuel *for Children, which having met with very favourable and candid Entertainment, has highly Encouraged me to endeavour to ſerve your growing Age with ſomething that might be acceptable and uſeful in the ſame kind.*

For I cannot apprehend any thing more advantagious to both your Temporal, and more especially your Eternal Concerns, than to present you with a true Draught of Popery, *Stript of its Diguises; Which at this time of day, not only seems to threaten us, but has the Confidence to paint and varnish over it self in such delightful Colours as to delude unwary Heads into a fond Opinion of its Innocency and fair Quarter, when in truth there is nothing in the World that so infallibly tends to your Destruction to Eternity in the World to come, and in the mean time to Render you perfect Slaves and Vassals to the Cheats and Lusts of a few base and self-designing People here upon Earth.*

It must be Confess'd, tis here described in a Jocose and merry way, but naturally, for tis all their own; and in Truth Popery is so silly and Ridiculous a Foppery, That tis almost impossible a man should rightly delin-

ate

ate it, without putting the Reader to the Expence of a little Laughter; There being nothing in it, but what deserves our utmost Scorn and Contempt, save only the Consideration of its Cruelty where ever it prevails, which alwayes Surfeiting in our Blood, may Justly merit our Tears, or at least awake our ripest and most earnest thoughts to prevent by all Legal ways its ever having Power over us.

This you may be assured of, That this little Book hath not wronged the Roman Catholick Religion (as they love to call it) in one Syllable, but their Principles and Practises are fairly alleadged and Cited from their own most approved Authors; And though the smalness of this Volumn would not allow of the Multitude of Quotations requisite to Justify each particular wherewith they are here charged: yet if any of their Trepanning Priests or sly Favourers shall have the Impudence to deny these Spurious Brats to be their Holy Roman Mother's, or that these lewd

things

things are not what their Church Teaches, and would oblige us to practise, There will not be wanting those that shall be ready to make good Every Tittle *here set forth, and prove it upon them, even to the Teeth of the most Learned or daring Adversary.*

Here you will find the Tricks of the old Whore displayed, Her Cruelties laid open, whereby she verifies our Proverb, and plays the Devil for Gods sake, Murthering Kings, Enslaving Subjects, destroying Government, dispensing with Oaths, destroying all Commerce and Conversation with shams *and Equivocations, and in a word violating all Laws of God and Nature, and the Rights of Kingdomes, and the Establishments of Common Justice and Society, to advance what they call the Interest of the Church, That is, The pride, Ambition, and greedy Covetousness of a parcel of lewd Varlets and lazy Scoundrels, their Jesuites, Monks, Fryars, and Clergy, whose end is first to flatter the Pope, and Cajole Princes, to screw themselves into Preferment, and their*

next Design to squeez and gratify their own Intollerable Arrogance, and furnish themselves with Belly Cheer.

You may here (virtuous Ladies! and generous Youths) Observe the Chief Lineaments of Popery. *A small Picture of the greatest Monster that ever plagued the World. Whom to have drawn at full length would have required many Volumes, but there is no need of Carouzing the Ocean to satisfie any body whether or no the Sea be salt. He's but a sorry Mathematitian that by the length of* Hercules *his Foot cannot give a near guess at the Dimensions of his whole Body.*

The great Aim of the Popish Religion is to undermine our Holy Faith, a very Plot upon Christianity it self, For whereas the Gospel tends wholly to the Glory of God in Magnifying the Riches of his Free Grace, depressing Humane Nature, and shewing its vileness and deplorable Estate by the Fall; and that by the onely Merits of the

Blessed

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Blessed Jesus, we have Hopes, in and through whom alone the Almighty is to be worshipt in Spirit and in Truth: They on the quite contrary Cry up humane performances, talk of Merits and works of Supererrogation, apply themselves to the Mediation of Saints and Angels, the Adoring of Musty Images and Fantastick Pictures, and place Religion in External Observances, and Paltry Ceremonies, and Canting over a few Prayers, not at all understood, and yet pronounced with as little Affection as Understanding.

If this be (as most certainly it is) the true Figure of Popery, *and that to Involve us in the same, its designing Votaries value not what wicked means, whether Murther, Assassinations, Perjuries, Subornations, horrid known Lies (even pronounced with mens expiring Breath) and all kind of villany, as both the experience of past and present times plainly proves to be their Tenents and Practises; what remains*

remains but that you (young men! and women! the hopeful spring of a better Age) should as you love your Happiness, your Lives, your Civil Liberties, the good of Posterity, your own Spritual Concerns, and above all as you value your immortal Souls; generously and unanimously bid defiance to such a growing Impiety, and rather Resolve (If ever God shall call you to the Fiery Trial) to lay down your Lives, and in a noble Imitation of your Pious Ancestors the Blessed Martyrs under the Marian *Fury, expose your Bodies for a sacrifice to Truth, in Momentary Flames, rather than by Apostatizing, incur* Everlasting Burnings.

That Almighty God may ever preserve you in the sincere Establisht Protestant Religion, Enlighten your Understandings to see through all the false Reasonings of open Papists, and discover the too near Compliances and crafty fetches of their disguised Abetters, and

Enable

The Epistle Dedicatoy

Enable you to glorify Him, & do honour to the Protestant Faith by an Holy Life, and (if God shall so order it) an undaunted Death, in the true Primitive way of Suffering, is,

The Prayer

Decem. 24.
1682.

Of the Publisher, your Servant,

Benj. Harris.

THE

A New-Years-GIFT
For Protestants:
OR,
A Looking Glass for POPERY.
By way of DIALOGUE:

The FIRST LESSON:
of *Popish Principles.*

Timothy,

AND what News this Christmas *from* London?

Hodge. All's well and brave, Blithe and Jolly, and so like to Continue. I hear there is a publick *Ensurance-Office* set up hard by *Doctors-Commons*, for Curing all man-kind of the *French-Pox*; If there were another for the Relief of *Honest Drunkards*, I would swear the Golden Age were Return'd; but

hang *News*, let's Drink: what *Health* shall's have.

Tim. *Any but the* Devils *and the* Popes.

Hod. And why not the *Popes*, Gaffer-Cocks-comb? He's a fine grave Civil old Gentleman, and I hope in time to be better acquainted with him, I am affraid thou art grown a *Fanatick*.

Tim. *No, you know I was always a* true Church man, *but yet let me tell you, I hate* Popery.

Hod. Popery! Alas; Thou dost not know what *Popery* is, I have been abroad, and can assure thee, 'tis a *Dainty Glorious Religion*, I like it wonderously, you may remember I waited on my Lady into *France* to the waters of *Burbon*. I have seen Nuntio's and Cardinals, been acquainted with your Flickering *Nuns*, the Prettiest *Rogues*! All the spight I have against the *Pope*, is for keeping up such excellent *mans-meat* in a Cage. As for Monks and Fryars they are jolly Souls, and love *Brandy* and *Canary* as Religiously

giously as I do; the *Charitableſt* people in the world, God Reward them; they have oftentimes made me moſt *Magnificently Drunk* on free Coſt, and then have I gone 40 and 40 times to *Maſs* to make my ſelf ſober, and have found a world of Edification in *Holy Water*, and no leſs Comfort from their Prieſts Abſolution: They ſcoure a mans Kettle ſo neatly, and quit all ones old ſcores with Heaven, in a Trice; There is no trouble in the Buſineſs; get but a pair of *Beads*, Learn your *Pater Noſter*, and your *Ave*; *Believe* as the Church Believes, and the work's done; you are as ſure of *Abrahams Boſome* as if you had a Patent for it.

Tim. *What then, are you a* Papiſt?

Hodg. Nay Faith, I'le not *declare* my ſelf (as my Maſters uſe to ſay,) till I know which way times will turn. I have only Courted *Papiſtry* a little, but am Reſolv'd indeed never to *wed* any Religion at all, unleſs ſhe be ſure to bring a good *Portion* with her;

I only say *Roman Catholicks* are no such Bug-Bears, that any Body need be afraid of them.

Tim. *Since you are so skill'd in their Mysteries, pray inform us a little, what are their main Principles, I mean as far as they differ from us* Protestants.

Hodge. Their Chief Principles are these, That the Church is *Infallible*; and that theirs of *Rome* is that Church, and the Head of that Church is the Pope; who is the Supream Monarch of all the World in things *Spiritual* and in *Temporals* too, when and as far as he lists, That he is the *Head* and *Guide* of all Christians, An Earthly Divinity, neither Absolute *God*, nor *meer man*, but something between Both.

Tim. *I cannot Imagine what that should be, unless a* Devil.

Ho. Hold your Pratling, He is *Christ's Vicar, Peters Successor*; therefore cannot *Err*, so that whatever he Commands to be believed or done, is to be Embraced as an Article of Faith and performed, and whoever Refuses

is an *Heretick*, and ought to be *destroyed* in this World, and will certainly be *Damned* in the next.

Tim. *This is Brisk and a short Cut, but how prove they all this by the* Scriptures.

Ho. Scriptures! Pshaw-Waw! They tell you the Scriptures are a *Nose of wax*, that the *Bible* owes its Authority to the Church, and without it is no more to be valued, than *Esops Fables*, That 'tis a *dumb Judge*, the *Forge of Heresies*, The *Seed-Plot of Schism*, That the Scriptures are uncertain, not to be understood, *Obscure*, depraved, *Corrupted* and *Imperfect*; They have added thereto many Books, and yet after all, Affirm, They are not sufficient Guides in matters of Faith and manners. And therefore besides the Scriptures they have *another Rule, viz.* The *Unwritten Traditions* of the Church, which they say, are of *Equal Authority*, and ought to be Embraced with the same Reverence.

Tim. *What are these Traditions,*

where are they kept, and how shall a man procure a parcel of them?

Hodge. Their Church of *Rome* has the sole *Custody* of them; whatever the Church, that is the Pope and his Cardinals and Priests, shall deliver and Avouch to be an *Apostolical Tradition*, is so to be accounted. As also to them only it belongs to Interpret and give the sense of all *Scripture*, which may be Altered as occasion shall happen, so that what is the *true Sense* and meaning one time, is not so much at another; And therefore the People are are not to be Allowed the *Use* or reading of the Scriptures, but the same is to be kept under Lock and Key in *Learned Languages*.

Tim. *This is just like playing* at Cards *when one Packs all the* Trumps *into his own hand; no wonder, If the Pope at this Rate sweep the* Stakes. *But prethee go on; Can you describe a true Christian according to the Doctrine and Church of Rome?*

Hodge. Yes with a wet finger: Tis thus, After the Popes Catholick Religion

ligion a true Christian man is thus defined, First, to be Baptised in the *Latine Tongue* (where the *God-Fathers* profess they cannot tell what) then Confirmed by the Bishop, and the Mother of the Child to be purified: After he is grown in years, then to come to the Church, to keep his *fasting days*, to fast the *Lent*, and to come under *Benedicite*, that is, to be *Confessed of the Priest*, to do his Pennance, at *Easter* to take his *Rites*, to hear Mass, to set up Candles before Images, to creep to the Cross, to take Holy Bread and Holy Water, to go on *Procession*, to carry his Palmes and *Candle*, and to take Ashes, to fast the Ember daies, Rogation days, and *Vigils*; to keep the holy days, to pay his *Tithes* and offerings, to go on Pilgrimage, to Buy Pardons, to worship his Maker over the Priests head, to Receive the Pope for his supream head, and to obey his Laws, to have his Beads and know how to manage them, and to give devoutly to the high Altar; and Reverence and relieve the Begging

Fryars wherever he meets them; If he will be a Priest, then to take orders, forswear Marriage, say his Mattens and sing his Mass with a boon Courage; to Elevate the Breaden God up fairly, To be obedient to his Superior, and pay for License to keep a Concubine, when he is sick to be *Annealed*, and to take the Rites of holy Church, to be buried in the Churchyard, to be rung for, to be sung for, to be wrapt up in a Friars Coul, and allow something for Masses to be said for redeeming his Soul out of Purgatory, *&c.* All which points being observed, who can deny but this is a devout man and a perfect Christian Catholick, and sure to be saved, as a true faithful Child of Holy Mother-Church.

Tim. *Very fine! I'le undertake at any time to make a Parrot as good a Christian as all this Amounts too*, and the Elephant *at* Bartholomew *Fair might at the same Rate have been a Cardinal. But I have heard of a* New Creed *Contrived by the Councel of* Trent, *which*

which all Roman Catholicks are bound to believe.

Hodge. I have it ready at my Fingers ends, and that you may not think I *sham* you, Ile give you the very words (translated) Wherein Pope *Pius* the 4th. in the year 1564. Publisht it to the World, as follows.

The new Roman Catholick Creed.

1. *THe Apostolick and Ecclesiastical Traditions and other Observances and Constitutions of that Church, do I firmly Admit and Embrace.*

2. *All the Sacred Scripture, according to that sense which our Holy Mother the Church hath holden, and doth hold, (whose Office it is to Judge of the true sense and Interpretation of Holy Scriptures) do I admit. Neither will I ever Retein and Expound it, but ac-*

cording to the Uniform Consent of the Fathers.

3. I do also Profess, that there be truly and properly Seven Sacraments of the New-Law, Instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, and necessary to the Salvation of mankind, though all be not necessary for every man, that is to say, Baptism Confirmation, the Eucharist, Penance, Extream Unction, Order and Marriage, and they confer Grace, and that among these, Baptism, Confirmation and Order cannot be Reiterated without Sacriledge. Also the received and approved Rites of the Catholick Church, used in the Solemn Administration of all the aforesaid Sacraments, I Receive and admit.

4. All and every the things which concerning Original Sin and Justification were defined and declared in the Holy Councel of Trent, I Embrace and receive.

5. Also I confess that in the Mass is offered to God a true, proper, and Propiciatory Sacrifice for the Quick and Dead.

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6. *And that in the Holy Euchrist is truly, really and Substantially the* Body and Blood, *with the Soul and Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and that there is made a Conversion of the* whole Substance of the Bread *into his Holy Body, and of the whole Substance of the Wine into His Blood, which Conversion the Catholick Church calleth* Transubstantiation: *I confess also that under* one kind *only, all the whole Christ and the true Sacrament is received.*

7. *I do humbly hold there is a* Purgatory, *and the Souls detained there are Holpen by the Suffrages of the Faithful.*

8. *And likewise that the* Saints *Reigning with Christ, are to be* worshipped *and* Prayed unto, *and that they offer their Prayers to God for us: and that their* Reliques *are to be worshipped.*

9. *And most firmly I Avouch; That the* Images *of Christ and the Mother of God, always a Virgin, and other Saints, are to be had and Retained, and that to them due Honour and Veneration is to be Given.*

10. *Also that the power of* Indulgences,

ces *was left by Christ in the Church, and I affirm the use thereof to be most wholsome to Christ's People.*

11. *That the Holy Catholick and Apostolick* Roman *Church is the* Mother and Mistress *of all Churches, I acknowledge:* and I vow and swear *true Obedience to the Bishop of* Rome, *the Successor of Saint* Peter *the* Prince *of the Apostles, and the Vicar of Jesus Christ.*

12. *And* all other *things likewise do I undoubtedly Receive and Confess, which are delivered, defined, and declared by the Sacred Canons and General Councels, and especially the* Holy Councel *of* Trent, *and withal I Condemn, Reject and Accurse all things that are contrary hereunto, and all* Heresies *whatsoever, Condemned and Rejected and Accursed by the Church: and that I will be Careful this True Catholick Faith* (out of which no man can be saved, *which at this time I will willingly profess and truly hold*) *be Constantly with Gods help Retained and Confessed, whole and Inviolate to the last Gasp; and by those that are under me; or such as I shall have*

have Charge over, in my Calling, holden, taught and preached to the uttermost of my power; I the said N. promise vow and swear so God help, and his Holy Gospels.

Our pleasure is, That these present Letters according to the Custome, be Read in our Apostolick Chancery, and that they may be the more easily known unto all men, that they be there Copied and Imprinted.

It shall not be lawful therefore for any man to Infringe this our Will and Commandment, or by Audacious Boldness to Contrary the same, which if any man shall presume to Attempt: Let him know that he shall Incur the Indignation of Almighty God, *and of* Saint Peter and Saint Paul *his Blessed Apostles.*

Dated at *Rome* in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord 1564. *Id. Novemb.* the 5th year of our *Papacy.*

THE

The Second Leſſon: Of *Popiſh* Pride.

Hodg. YOUR Proteſtant Religion is a poor *ragged*, ſorry homeſpun contemptible thing; you talk of the *Simplicity of the Goſpel*, of Spirit and Truth, and that the Kings Daughter *is all glorious within*, But I love a Religon that's *modiſh* & bravely Cloathed, devotion in Pomp and Gallantry. Give me a Church that is *all glorious without too*; And ſuch upon my word, is that of *Rome*; There's Decency and Order for you ſeated like a Queen on the Throne of Magnificence, curiouſly Dreſſed, and *all-to be-Jewelled*, beſpangled, powdered, painted, and perfum'd, it would do you good to ſee her. What a ſumptuous Head ſhe hath? The Majeſty of his *Holineſs*, when you ſhall behold him borne aloft on *mens ſhoulders*,

ders, with his *Tripple-Crown* beset with invalluable Diamonds, his rich *Crosier* in his Hand, the *Keys* of Heaven, Hell and Purgatory, dangling at his Girdle, and the Gawdy *Pontificalibus* or stately Robes on his Back, sitting in Solemn *Conclave* encircled with all his glittering *Scarlet* Cardinals about him, is enough to strike the most stubborn Heretick with a Reverential Admiration. Nor is his *State* less prodigious than his *Habit*, for he admits no mortal (unless perchance a pretty Wench or *Plump Boy* in a Corner) to a nearer salute than kissing his *Toe*.

Tim. *I have heard much of that Ceremony, prethee what might be the Original of it, was it not borrowed from those Monsters of Heathen Pride*, Caligula *and* Diocletian, *who would needs be worshipt as* Gods, *and have men in their Addresses to them kiss their Feet?*

Hodg. Perhaps the Example might partly be taken from thence, as many of our other Modes and Ceremonies are from *Pagan* Practises brought in-

to the Church the more to illuſtrate and adorn her; But the Immediate Cauſe, Catholick Authors relate to be thus: when *Leo* was Pope, a very fair Lady came to kiſs his hand; *Old Wood* you know is apteſt to *kindle*: The very touch of the womans Lips immediately cauſed an Inſurrection of the good Fathers *Concup ſcence*; With which (poor heart) he was ſo offended, that as ſoon as ever ſhe was gone, he in Revenge *cut off* the Guilty hand that had ſuffered the Temptation; But the *Virgin Mary* courteouſly reſtored it before morning, and for avoiding the like Inconveniences for the future, adviſed, That neither he nor any of his Succeſſors ſhould permit any profane Lips to touch their Holy *hands*, but that the kiſs ſhould thenceforth be paid to the *Slippers*.

Tim. *And I think a very good* Exchange, *for I had rather by half kiſs a cleanly and precious* Carbuncle, *than any part of the old rotten* He-Whores *ſtinking Carcaſs. Howſoever this puts me in mind of two pleaſant Stories; In*

the

the Reign of King Henry *the 8th, The Earl of* Wiltshire *being sent Ambassador to the Pope, was prayed to kiss his Holinesses Toe, which he had no sooner done, but his* Spaniel *in imitation of his Master sought to do the like, but instead of a gentle salute he gave him a Bite, which made old* Infallibilitiship *roar out like any* squeaking Soul *in Purgatory, and sure the Heretical Cur had been Excommunicated and Cursed with Bell Book and Candle, had not* Toby's Dog *(as good a Saint as many in the Popes Calender) made Intercession for his Pardon. Somewhat more Comical was that of a Gentleman, who being admitted into the Popes Presence, had the Honour to kiss his Toe; his Servant which attended on him, seeing it, began to* run away *as fast as he could; but being stopt, and askt the reason of his haste, he desired them to let him go, for if (said he) they make my Master who is a man of such a great Estate to kiss his Toe, I am sure they will make me who am but his Servant to kiss a yard higher, meaning his* Breech--- *But to be a little serious,*

do

do you think this Pomp and Pride agreable to Christian Humility, *especially in one that professes himself to be* The Servant of Servants, *and Successor to a poor modest Fisher man, that was so far from State and Riches, That he declared----*Silver and Gold he had none?

Hodge. Alas! Humility is a Beggars Vertue; a thing in fashion only in the Churches Minority, but now (like a young Gallant) being come of *Age*, she Flants and Rants it in all kind of *Bravery*, and whoever shall but open his Mouth against the exhorbitant and Shameless *Pride* and *Covetousness* of their Priests, is presently damn'd as an Enemy to the Churches Prosperity.

Bonifaee the 8th has decreed in the Canon Law by a definitive Sentence, That *'tis of Absolute Necessity to Salvation for every Humane Creature to be Subject to the Pope of Rome*; There are (saith Pope *Gelasius*) two things whereby the World is Principally Governed, The Holy Authority of

Popes,

Popes, and the *Regal Power*, of which so much the more weighty is the *Priestly* Charge, by how much tis obliged to give Account at the Divine Audit even for Kings themselves, and therefore the *priestly Dignity excells the Regal, as Gold doth Lead*, The *Necks* of Kings and Princes being to stoop to the *Knees* of Priests. The same Doctrine was preach'd by *Innocent* the 3d. to the Emperour of *Constantinople*, and inserted as Canonical in the *Decretals*, *viz.* That as God created two great Lights, *The greater to Rule the day, and the lesser the night, so in the Firmament of the Church, there are two Dignities, the Papal Authority and the Regal Power. But that which ruleth the day, that is* Spirituals, *is greater; that which ruleth Temporals, the lesser; and as great as the difference is between the Sun and the Moon, so much greater is the Popes power than that of any Emperor, King, or other Secular Prince.*

Tim. *This is a Mawling Argument!*

able

able to Knock down the Turk *or Tartar, and the great Mogul*;

Hodge. Yes; especially if you do but Consult the *Gloss* or Comment on that Text of his Holinesses Law; you will see the Case as plain (forsooth) as the great Article of Transubstantiation it self; for there the Popes Superiority to the Emperors is measured to an Inch thus, ----- *Therefore since the Earth is seaven times bigger than the Moon, but the Sun Eight times bigger than the Earth, it remaineth, that the Papal Dignity is just forty seaven times greater than the Dignity Royal.*

Tim. *A Monstrous rare Accountant, and after the Italian fashion too! But I pray do they make* Uses and Applications *of these Doctrines.*

Hodge. Yes, yes, did not our bonny Countryman Pope *Hadrian* the 4th, (who was born at St. *Albans*) make a *Lacquey* of the Emperor *Frederick* the first, forcing him to hold his *Stirrup* whilst he mounted or dismounted his Steed; and because the poor Gentleman not being well acquainted with such

such an Office, held it on the *wrong side*, chid him *severely*, and twas forty, to one but he had *Excommunicated him.*

The Emperor *Henry* the fourth, with the good Lady his Empress, and his Child, were compel'd for three long days and Nights in a *Frosty Winter Barefoot and Barelegg'd* to dance Attendance before the Gates of the Popes Pallace, before he could get Audience or indeed Entrance to his Haughtiness Pope *Gregory* the Seventh. But above all the Hectors of St. *Peters* Chair, commend me to Pope *Alexander* the third, For he made the aforsaid Emperor *Frederick* fall down upon the Ground before him in the Temple of St. *Mark* at *Venice*, in the presence of all the People, and clapping his daring foot on that Royal Neck, pronounced with a loud voice and a Boon Grace, those word of the Psalmist---*Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the Adder, The young Lion and the Dragon shalt thou trample under feet, Psal.* 91. 13. And when the poor Emperor

peror, to put the better colour on his disgrace, sneakingly reply'd, *Non tibi, sed Petro; I make this Submission not to you, but to Peter*; The Pope, that scorned to lose his part of so great a Glory, angerly retorted, *Sir! you shall do it both to Peter and me too.*

Tim. *I have heard of one Pope, I think they call'd him* Marcellus *the 2d. who after a long silent dump, broke out at Table into these words,* Verily for my part I do not see how he that holds this high place [*speaking of the Papacy*] can be saved. *Nor do I wonder at such his* Doubt, *since these are their practises. For,*

Can Popes by Pride *suppose in Heaven to dwell*
With God; *when* Pride *first made the* Devils *in Hell!*

Hodge. As for *that*, they do not only hamper Gods Vicegerents, Sovereign Princes on Earth, but bid defiance even to *Heaven* it self, and assume to themselves the Incommunicable Titles

tles of the Almighty. Tis very modeſt to be called *Chriſts* Vicar, or his *Viceroy* or *Lieutenant* here on Earth; The Pope goes further, and Intitles himſelf the *Foundation, the Head, and the Husband* of the Catholick Church: He avows that he can be judged by *no man*, that he hath *all Laws* in his own Breaſt, hath the ſole power of deciding all Controverſies: His Flatterers at the Council of *Latteran*, called *Leo* the 20th, *The Lion of the Tribe of* Judah, *and the Root of* Jeſſe; others made their Addreſſes to another Pope in this Dreadful Language, *O Lamb of God that takeſt away the Sins of the World, have mercy on us.* Nor is any thing more common amongſt the *Canoniſts* than to call him---*Our Lord God the Pope.*

And indeed he Acts as ſuch, for he pretends Authority not onely over the Bodies of, (for that's but a ſmall caſt of his Office) but over their very *Souls and Conſciences* too. He takes upon him to make Laws to bind the Conſcience immediately

where

where Almighty God hath left it free, & to *looſe* it alſo at his pleaſure where God hath bound it. How often hath he diſcharged Kings of their Vows and Engagements, and Subjects of their *Oaths* of Allegiance made to their Lawful Soveraign, when yet ſwearing thus in Judgment, Righteouſneſs and Truth, is of Eternal Obligation? He hath often made the worſt Adultery, even apparent *Inceſt*, Lawful, for ſo *Martin* the 5th allowed one to Marry his *own Siſter*, and *Julius* the ſecond gave our King *Henry* the 8th leave to Marry his Brother *Arthur*'s Wife; Nay ſome of them have been ſo Civil as to grant diſpenſations for the free practiſe of *Sodomy* it ſelf, during the three hotteſt moneths of the year.

Tim. *You talk enough of the Popes Gallantry and pretenſions, to turn any modeſt man's Stomach, and make one Judge him to be that* Leviathan, *of whom*, Job 41.34 *'tis ſaid*, He beholdeth all high things, he is a King over all the Children of Pride. *But let*

me

me tell you, the Higheſt is not alwayes the beſt, *as for Example; The* Chimney *is the* higheſt *piece of the Houſe, but the fouleſt. But though the* Head *be ſo ſtately and preſumptuous, The Inferiour Members, perhaps are more humble and moderate.*

Hodg. No, no, they are all of a piece; The Cardinals, that in days of yore were but *Pariſh-Prieſts* of *Rome*, now paſs for *Princes*, and the greateſt King muſt not take place before the firſt Cardinal; and good reaſon, forſooth, becauſe they make up one Body with the Pope. If you caſt your eyes down lower to the rubbiſh Clergy, wherefore do you think all their Prieſts have their Crowns *ſhaven*, but to ſhew (as the Council of *Ravenna* tells you) That they are of a Royal kind?

Tim. *No wonder that every* ſhaveling *Popiſh Prieſt looks upon himſelf as great as a* King, *ſince he makes the world believe, that by pronouncing five words* [for this is my Body] *he can when he liſt make a God.*

Hodg. Nay more, ſuch is the dignity of the leaſt *Giblet of the Clergy*, or *Pettitoe Eccleſiaſtical*, that *Bellarmine* aſſerts, Kings are not onely ſubject and inferior to Popes, to Biſhops, and to Prieſts; But even to *Deacons* too. And to the ſame purpoſe they have a Story out of *Sulpitius*, How *Martin* Biſhop of *Towres* being at a Feaſt with the Emperor, a Servitor at the Midd-meal (according to Cuſtom) offers a Bowle of Wine to his Imperial Majeſty, who in a high-ſtrained Complement commands it to be firſt Reached to the Biſhop; expecting no doubt that he would have preſented his humble ſervice, or at leaſt his Benediction to him; But the huffiſh *man of God* takes the Cup, and a ſoaking draught, and having ſo done, paſſing by the Emperour, Dukes, and other Perſons of Quality, orders it to be delivered to his Deacon to pledge him.

Tim. *A very* mannerly Prelate, *both to Drink before the Emperour,*

and

and to bauk him afterwards: but what might be the reason?

Hodg. A notable reason he gave for it, sayth the Historian, *viz.* Because he thought *no man there worthy to drink after a Bishop*, but one that was in Holy Orders, though of the lowest Form. The same goodly Bishop *Martin*, suffered the Queen *Augusta* to wait upon him all Supper time standing, whilst he sat gormandizing in his Chair, and then she must hold him water whilst he washt, and eat the Fragments that he left, *&c.*

Tim. *This is most Orthodoxly brave! no wonder a Religion of this Complexion finds good Quarter amongst the* Clergy, *who of all men (in a wrong way) love to* magnify their Office, *and count themselves only the* Church, *and look upon all other Christian People, but as Ideots and worthless Animals, little better than* Hoggs, Dogs *and* Asses, *for so some of them go about to prove, that the Scriptures are not to be suffered in Vulgar Tongues, because* Holy things *are not to*

be given to Dogs; *Nor* Pearles *cast before* Swine. *And* Thomas Aquinas *asserts, that tis sufficient for the* Laiety *to adhere too, and depend on their Priests, in matter of Faith, because we read* Job. 1. That the Oxen were at Plow, *and the* Asses *fed by them.*

The Third Lesson: of Popish Devotions, of Prayers, & Preaching.

Tim. *TIs now time to hear something of the Devotions of your magnified Church of* Rome.

Hodge. With all my heart, for as to Acts of Religious Worship, who dares offer to Compare with the great *Metropolis* of *Christendome?* whose *Fasts* and *Feasts* do as it were divide the whole year between them.

Tim.

Tim. *But I hope those* Fasts *are not so Solemnly and severely kept, as if all men from the Cradle had taken Example of St.* Nicholas, *who (they say) when he was an Infant did constantly two days in the Week (Wednesdays and Fridays) content himself with* sucking once a day? *For sure* Wine *and* Sweet-meats *break no square, how plenteously soever poured down?*

Hodge. No, no, nor *Fish*, though never so curiously dress'd: Tis only *Flesh* that breeds the quarrel, for you must know in *Noahs* Flood the *Sea* escaped the Curse, and only the Earth and her store contracted Impurity. And if you will measure Piety by the *Tale* of Prayers, what Church under Heaven is not over-matcht by the *Roman*! where else will you find a Letany of forty hours Long? where such heaps of private Prayers ready cut and dried to your hand in Substantial Latin, without giving the mind the trouble of understanding them; together with the help of *Beads* to keep even reckoning and easily know when your task

is over? Besides whilst strait-lac'd Protestancy addresses its prayers only to *one God*, and through *one alone Mediator*, the Roman Church abounds with more *Mediators* then there are Saints and Angels in Heaven. They have known the Advantage of having a *Friend at Court*; and what Influences the *Favonrites* of Princes have upon Affairs; and therefore will not Address immediately to the Throne of Grace, but first make an Interest with some Courtier of Heaven, to recommend and get their business dispatcht.

Tim. *Yes, and many times Court these* Masters of Requests, *of their own making, more diligently, and with more hearty Applications, than they do the King of Glory himself; thereby most wickedly denying his Omniſciency, or bewraying their diſtruſt of his Goodneſs,*

Hodge. But by this means, every Kingdom, City, particular man, and affair, has its peculiar Solicitor in the Court of Heaven, which must needs be a great riddance of Business: St.

James

James is Agent for the Spaniards, St. *Denis* (the Gentleman that run above a mile with his head in his hand after twas cut off) for the most *Christian French*; St. *Patrick* to help the *Irish Evidence* at swearing home; St *Taffy* to guard the Welchmans *Goats and Leeks*. Thus Marriners must invoke St. *Nicholas* and St. *Christopher*; against danger of Fire you must pray to St. *Agatha*; The patronage of *Geese* belongs to St. *Gallus*; and for your Hogs, you must implore St. *Anthony*. Painters have no more to do than to make a friend of St *Luke*, and Shoomakers to say prayers to St. *Crispin*. Against the Plague, St. *Roch* is your Physitian; for the French Pox, St. *Apolinaris* is your Helper; and that none may want a Patron, common *Whores* are allowed two Intercessoresses, *viz.* St. *Afra*, and St. *Magdelene*.

Tim. *Who can hear these* Abominations *without reflecting on that reproof of the Prophet* ------ According to the Number of thy Cities were thy Gods O *Judah!* and according to the Num-

her of the Sreets of *Jeruſalem* have ye ſet up Altars to that ſhameful thing, *Jer.* 11. 13---*But waving the Objects of their Devotions, let us hear ſome of the Forms of their Prayers.*

Hodge They are moſt of them in Latine, and I know you deſire not to learn them for Devotion, but to underſtand them, which is not worth three half pence, however to gratify you, I will preſent you with a few *Engliſh* ones, which good Catholicks in *Lancaſhire* frequently uſe. And in the firſt place here's

The little Creed.

Little Creed, can I need;
Kneel before our Ladies Knee;
Candle light, Candle burn,
Our Lady prayed to her dear (Son,
That we might all to Heaven (come.
Little-Creed---Amen.

This

This is that followeth they call the VVhite *Pater Noster.*

White Pater Noster, St. Peter's Brother,
What hast thou in one hand?
white Book-Leaves,
What hast thou ith other hand?
Heavens gate Keys.
Open Heaven Gates, and shut Hell Yates,
And let every crysom child creep to its own Mother.
White Pater Noster--Amen.

Another *English* Popish Prayer, at going to Bed

I bless me with God and the (Rood
With his sweet Flesh and pre-(tious Blood.
With his Cross and his Creed,
With his Length and his Brede.
From my Toe to my Crown.

And all my Body up and down.
From my Back to my Breast,
My five Wits be my Rest.
God let never ill come at ill,
But through Jesus own Will.
Sweet Jesu--Amen.

[For all these, see *Doctor Whites way to the True Church, in the Preface*]

Tim. *This is an incomparable strain of* Devotion, *and no doubt wonderously* edifying; *if they have no better* English *Prayers, I can scarce blame them for using* Latine *ones. For perhaps they may be more savoury; Therefore let's have some of them, only be pleased to* Translate *them, for I do not much care for being troubled with* Nonsense *and* Blasphemy *in two Languages.*

Hodg. Here then's a sound stanch Prayer to the Virgin *Mary*, which by the Grant of Pope *Innocent*, being daily said, certainly procures thirty days *Pardon* for all our Sins.

Most

MOst gracious Lady, and most sweet Virgin, Holy Mary, Mother of God, the Mother of Orphans, the Comfort of the Desolate, The Guide of those that go astray, the Health and Hope of them that trust in thee; The Fountain of Life and Pardon, The Fountain of Piety and Indulgence, of Comfort and Joy, give me true and worthy tears of Mourning for my sins; grant me by thy help frequently to begin, perseveringly to continue, happily to accomplish whatsoever thy Son hath required me sincerely to Embrace. O Mary, Flower of Virgins, Queen of Heaven, I humbly and devoutly begg, That with all the Saints and Elect of God, thou wouldst come and hasten to my Direction and Assistance in all my prayers, streights, and Necessities. O Mary the Star of the Sea, the Haven of Safety, the most sweet patron of the distressed, the most Learned Advocate of the Guilty, The only Hope of those that despair, The noble Saviour of Sinners, shine on me I pray thee, in my last day, with thy most Glorious Face; most Holy Nurse

and most Pious Soul, tell me that day and hour of my death. Whereas at that time there is no other Hope but Thou, *O Virgin, that didst bear a Child, Mother and Daughter of the Father, in whom Reconcile me. O inexhaustible Fountain of Mercies and Pardon, yea Mercy and Pardon it self, that denyeth none; most Gracious Hearer, Mercifully receive and hear this humble Supplication to grant me Life Eternal. Hear and Answer me, most bountiful Virgin,* Mary *Mother of God and Mercy, Amen.*

Tim. Wonder O ye Heavens, and be astonisht O Earth! *Is this a Prayer of a Papist! or not rather of a Pagan! Are not the Incommunicable Attributes of the Creator over and over here ascribed to the Creature? Is she not made equal, nay Superior to God and Christ?*

Hodge. Prethee be patient, I could shew you a thousand Prayers to her altogether as *Fat* and *Fulsome* as this; for you must note *Catholicks* are generally good *Courtiers*, and know Women love to be complemented at an high

rate,

rate; but since you are so weary, Ile only give you one Prayer to a certain piece of *Wood*, which they call the *Holy Cross*, out of the Roman Breviary, to be used on Good-Friday.

O Crux, ave Spes unica,
Hoc Passionis Tempore,
Auge pis Justitiam,
Reisque dona veniam.

In English thus,

O Cross, our only hope, *all hail!*
Now on this Passion day,
Make Good mens Goodness more prevail,
Take Sinners guilt away.

Tim. *This indeed is* short, *but far from being either* sweet *or sound, to pray to a post to Encrease our Graces and take away our Sins.----Therefore let's Adjourn to another Subject*

THE

The Fourth Lesson : *Of Popish* Excommunications, Pardons, Absolutions, and Penances.

Tim. *IF the Prayers of the Church of* Rome *be no better, they have need of severe* Pennances, *even to atone for their Devotions.*

Hodg. As for Discipline, Mortification, and rigid Acts of Pennance, she glories in nothing more; To behold in their *Convents* their stinging *Hair-cloths*, their bloody *Whips*, their knottted *Girdles*, their rough patcht *Garments*, their *barefoot* walks, nasty hard Lodgings, and purposely disguised *Habits*, you would fancy your self in *Bridewell.*

Tim. *All this is but outside Piety; If the Sin of the Soul could be done away with a little smart of the* Body, *even*

even Bridewell *(which you mention) would be the Road to Heaven ; But St.* Paul *has assured us,* That Bodily Exercise profiteth little, *The Inward Acts of true Mortification, sighing under the Burthen of Sin, Spiritual Mourning, a Broken and Contrite Heart, and a sense of the Wrath of God upon the Soul, are Scorpions in comparison of all those* Flea-bitings. *The Priests of* Baal *of old cut and slashed themselves, and tortured their Flesh worse then all her* Whipsters *on a* Good-Friday; *and yet still they were but* Priests of Baal ; *The Turkish* Dervises, *and the* Bonzes *of* China, *and other Votaries of the Indian* Pagods, *put their Carcasses to more pain in their* Idol-Worship, *than the most self-afflicting* Capuchine, *yet all the while are but the* Devils Slaves. *And as they voluntarily plague themselves thus from their own Superstitious Conceits, so when God shall say to them,* Who hath reqired this at your hands ? *What will they Answer ? But I pray is that Church always so rigid and austere ?*

Hodg.

Hodg. To tell you the truth, this *sowre face* is but a *Copy of her Countenance*; All this *whipping and whining* is the Exercise in good earnest, but of a few melancholy Fools, which yet serves the turn of cunning Knaves to vapour with. For in truth Mother-Church is no such *Puritan*, but as Jolly and *good-humour'd* as heart can wish. Others think it concerns them to meditate daily in the *Word of God*, and inform themselves in all points necessary to Salvation; she saves them that trouble, forbidding the Reading of Scriptures, and teaching, That the *Colliers Creed* is sufficient.

Tim. *What's that, I pray?*

Hodg. The Story is common; The Devil one day attacques a good Catholick *Collier* (for like you know *will to like*) & questions him about his Faith; The Collier answers, *I believe as the Church believes*, and how (quoth the Devil) *does the Church believe?* *As I believe*, quoth the Collier; and keeping fast within this Circle, repulsed the Devil, who was glad to sneak away

away like a Dog that has burnt his Tail.—Then as for Prayers, if you do but lutter them over *by Rote*, 'tis not a farthing matter whether you understand them, or what you are thinking of, all the while you are saying them: As for Sins, most of them she holds to be venial, as *Whoring*, *swearing*, and the like; and *These* you may wipe out with a turn of the hand ('tis but making the sign of the Cross) or wash them cleverly away with three drops of *Holy Water*. Nay for the grossest Impieties, As *Murther*, *Sodomy*, *&c*, 'tis but going to *Confession*, and you are as innocent as the *Child unborn*.

Tim. *But then in what Cases do they use their* Excommunications, *if Sins can so easily be cancelled.*

Hodg. Those indeed are *dreadful weapons*, but rarely drawn unless against *Hereticks*, that is, such as meddle with the Popes Crown, or the Monks *Bellies*; you may break *Gods Laws* and be safe, but if you yield not a punctual obedience to all their

their wicked Traditions, fooliſh Rites, and apiſh Ceremonies, then preſently comes *Thunder and Lightning*, they give you up in a trice to *Old Nick*; and if the Sullen *Devil* will not take you, the *Magiſtrate* muſt; and if you eſcape *Hell Fire* (to which in Charity they doom you in all ſuch Caſes) yet you ſhall not avoid *Smith-field Flames*. To tell you truth, thoſe Excommunications are terrible things and by them as ſtrangely uſed. The *Devil* himſelf has not eſcaped them. For S. *Antonine* tells us —— *A certain woman was ſix years troubled with an Incubus Devil that would needs Cuckold her Husband, The good Wench complains to St.* Bernard *He firſt gives her his ſtaff; That Frights the Devil, but he will not be gone, then the Saint Aſſembles the People, bids them all get lighted Candles in their hands, and he Excommunicates the Devil, and Interdicts his Acceſs to her or any other*.---But perhaps you will think it more ſtrange to be laid upon poor *Birds* and *Flies*. *Sermones Diſcipuli* aſſures us, *That a parcel of unlucky*

unlucky Sparrows were wont to come into St. Vincent's *Church, and Sir-Reverenced, whereupon* the Bishop of the place *Excommunicates* them; and never one durst come near it afterwards; Nay if one should catch a Sparrow, and thrust into the Church, 'twould presently *dye*.

Tim. *That's strange indeed, but somewhat hard measure methinks, that the* Sparrows *were not first* Admonished.

Hodge. In St. *Bernards* Life we read that he being about to consecrate an *Oratory* or Church, found it pester'd with multitudes of *Flies*, no other Remedy appearing, the Saint pronounces these words----*O ye troublesome Insects I do Excommunicate ye All.* And in the morning (alas! poor sinful flies) they are *all found dead*. But this was nothing to *Capgrave's Nut-tree*, which shaded and darkened a certain Church the Bishop was going to consecrate: But the Gentleman that ow'd it, and that used to Feast and Game under it, would rather have no Church than his *Tree* spoiled; what does me

then

then the Bishop but lets fly his *Curse of Excommunication against the Tree*, and Mark the end on't, immediately it *Wither'd*.

An Abbot laying claim to a certain Wood and Fish-pond, when he could neither by Law nor money, nor Friends (which commonly are more prevalent) recover them from an Hectorly Blade that violently with-held them; The Abbot approaching the Premisses, pronounces these Solemn words: *---As you undoubtedly belong to us, so I forbid you under the pain of Curse and Excommunication, to bring forth any Fruit hereafter, or any thing to their Rejoicing, that have unjustly taken you from us.* And from that time the *Wood* wither'd, and the *Pond* did yield no Fish But the *Bread*, O the *Manchet Bread*! A *Dominican* to instruct the people whom he used to preach to, what the Force of *Excommunication* was, and what mischief it worketh on the Soul, Excommunicates a basket of Manchet, and wonderful to be spoken saith the Author;

(more

(more to be *Believed* say I) the bread *turns black as a Coal*; But the comfort is, a *little Holy Water* made it *white* again.

Tim. *Nay if the Churches* Blessings *are so cheap as to cost but a little* Holy Water, *(which is much cheaper than burnt Brandy) I see not any such cause of dreading her* Censures: *But how may a body at worst get rid of them, and be Absolv'd from this wondrous Curse?*

Hodg. You fool! do not you know that money answers all things? a little of that *same*, and a small Tiny Pennance, shall fetch you out of the Devils Clutches, and make you as sound again as a Roach: And let me tell you, they have the sweetest pleasantest Pennances in the world.

Tim. *I am sure I have read of a great Queen in the last Age that did not find it so, for she for a Pennance was Enjoyned to go very near a mile in the Winter Barefoot in Pilgrimage to the Gallows and kiss them.*

Hodg. Ay! but that was for the horrid unpardonable Sin of lying with her

her own Husband on an holy day Eve. But the Abbot in *Cæsarius* might have been perhaps more severe: A Governour of a Monastery (saith he) takes a young Monk one day with him abroad; and as they rode, an handsome young Woman meets them; The Governor Salutes her kindly, and she him again; being gone a little further, saith the Governour to try his youngster, This Maiden seemed very handsome; Yes, Sir! said he, so methought. But, quoth the Governour, one thing marrs her Beauty, that she hath but one Eye. Nay truly, quoth the Novice, I can assure you, she had both, for I diligently observed her. Did you so, replies the Governor? and I will as well observe your back; you ought to have been so simple as not to take notice whether she were man or Woman, and therefore caused him soundly to be scourg'd when he came home to his Monastery.

But that Confessor was more kind, who for the Sin of Drunkenness (knowing tis like by frequent Experience the

torment

torment of being *Maw-Sick* after a Debauch) Enjoin'd his Ghostly Child to be *Drunk again*, for his Pennance. Nor are the Jesuites over-rigorous, whose Disciples (as we find *Inter Epistolas Festivas*) if they *sleep* longer than four a Clock in Summer mornings, and five in Winter, are rebuked by their Governours for their drowsiness and disobedience, and forc'd to submit to this Pennance---- *At dinner time they take up their bed, and confessing their fault in the open Hall, carry it thrice about the Room, and whilst the rest are at Dinner, they lie down and sleep again if they have a mind to it, and so they make amends for the Sin of over-sleeping.*

Father *Turrian*, to try one of his Pupils obedience, bids him *spill a parcel of Wine*, which he refusing to do, as thinking it unlawful and unreasonable to destroy so *good a Creature*; he was made. Confess his *Fault* of disobedience, and fast from Wine eight whole days together for his Pennance; when another that threw it into the *House of Office*, as he was commanded,

had

had both the Fathers praiſe, and the Delinquents eight days allowance of *Wine* (over and above his own ſhare) as the Reward of his *Obedience!*

Tim. *Theſe are ſhrewd* Pennances *indeed! But let us have a touch of their* Indulgences *and* Pardons.

Hodg. They have whole Cart-loads of them, and as cheap as *Neck-Bief*: The Prayer-Book call'd, *The Hours of the Bleſſed Virgin according to the uſe of Sarum*, furniſhes you with a Prayer (and no very long one neither) to the Virgin Mary, which all that ſay, being in *ſtate of Grace* (by which they mean neither more nor leſs than having Confeſs'd their Sins to a Prieſt and received his *Abſolution*) before our Ladies *Image* devoutly, ſhe will ſhew them her bleſſed Viſage.

Tim. An excellent ſight!

Hodg. And warn them of the day and hour of their death.

Tim. *Better ſtill!*

Hodg. And in their laſt End, the Angels of God ſhall yield their Souls to Heaven.

Tim,

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Tim. *Beſt of all! and who can deſire more?*

Hodg. Upon devoutly ſaying but amidling-ſiiz'd Prayer before the Crucifix, Pope *John* the Third hath granted as many days of Pardon, as there were wounds in the Body of our Lord at the time of his Paſſion, the which his Popeſhip reckons up preciſely to be 5465. And this is but a Trifle to the Bounty of Pope *Sixtus*, who hath granted to all that ſay the ſame (provided they Nick the time, juſt at the Elevating of our Lords Body) *Clean Remiſſion of all their Sins perpetually Enduring.*

The Fifth Leſſon: *Of Popiſh Miracles.*

Hodg. ABove all things magnified by the Folks of *Rome*, the power of Working Miracles is a thing they moſt Glory in, and make

one of the Marks of their being a true Church.

Tim. *I Confeſs* Miracles *are* Rarities, *and I would go five Miles at any time to ſee one performed.*

Hodg. You need but ſtep to *Wild-Houſe*, or any Maſs-Chappel, and you may ſee it done every day; The Prieſt Creating his *Maker*, and by pronouncing a few words turns a Wafer into very Fleſh and Blood.

Tim. *I was once by, where* that Trick *was pretended to be done, but ſtill to my Eyes it appeared a* plain Wafer; *and thoſe that Eat it, ſaid it was no other to their Taſte; ſo that if this be all the* Miracles *they can boaſt of, That of the Tailor and the* Inviſible Cloak *was altogether as wondrous.*

Hodg. Prethee how was that?

Tim. *A Young Gallant of more Lands than* Brains, *comes to his Taylor, and bids him make him the* fineſt Suit *that could poſſibly be procured; and a Cloak anſwerable to it; what kind of Cloak would your Worſhip have? Quoth Monſieur* Stich; *The Blade did not know what*

what he would have himself, but swor he would have a most rich Cloak, and such an one as never was seen. Sir, replyed the Tailor, you have reason, I understand you, I will make you an Invisible Cloak ; *Ay, ay! That quoth the Squire. To work goes the Tailor, brings him home a Tawdry Suit, with Lace and Ribbons enough to set up half an Exchange; and having try'd it on,* Now give me my Cloak, *Cries he; O Sir! quoth the Tailor, 'tis on already; that's the Excellency and Miracle of these sorts of Cloaks, that they are* Invisible. *The Gentleman believ'd, paid his Taylor, and swaggered abroad with his Companions that he had a Cloak on cost him 16 l. and laught at them for fools because they could not see his bravery; and some of them were so wise as to bespeak invisible Cloaks too; because they would be in this new fashion. Just thus do the Romanists, whilst they go about to perswade us of a miraculous Transubstantiation, contrary to the Testimony of all our* Senses.

Hodg. Nay, they have other Miracles

racles of all ſorts and ſiazes. St. *Bridget* having out of exceſs of good nature given a piece of Bacon to a dog that fawned on her; after he had Eaten it, found it again reſtored in her Kettle; and another time, for a proof of her *Virginity*, did but touch the old ſear Worm-eaten Wood of the Altar, and preſently it turn'd *Friſh and Green*. A poor woman had unluckily faln down and broken a whole *Basket of Eggs*, and Cry'd moſt ſadly for the miſchance; St. *Swithin* coming by and hearing her moan, makes the ſign of the *Croſs*, and all the Eggs were as whole as ever they were. Can any Hereticks ſhew us ſuch a merciful Saint as the good Abbot of *Willar*, who to ſave a poor big-bellied womans longing, *killed his Ox*, and gave the poor Soul a good piece of Bief thereof, which yet was found the next morning *alive*, ſoundly grazing in his Paſture. Venerable *Bed* being old and blind, and yet deſirous to Preach, his waggiſh Boy that led him, brought him to an Heap

of

of *Stones*; the good father makes a short Sermon, and when he had done, the *Stones* with one consent cryed out *Amen*: St. *Francis* being pursued by the Devil, fled to a *Rock* for shelter, but that being too hard, he clapt his face to it, and the loving Rock *softned* like wax, let him in, and secured him a long time from the foul Fiend.

St. *Runnald* or *Rumwald*, as soon as ever he came out of his Mothers womb Cryed out aloud three times, *I am a Christian*; Then making a plain confession of his Faith, he desired to be Baptized, chose his Godfathers, and appointed his own name; And also by his Fingers directed the Standers by, to fetch him a great hollow stone for a *Font*; which several of his Fathers Servants attempted to move, but in vain, being much above their strength, till the two Priests his designed God-Fathers went and brought it away as lightly as if it had been but a Feather. Being Baptised, he for three days together discourses of the Common places of Popery, and having confirm-

ed their Truth, bequeathed his Body to a place, and then expired. St. *Edmund* King of the *East-Angles* (from whom the Town of *Bury* in *Suffolk* takes its name) was cruelly murthered by the invading *Danes*; The Christians afterwards seeking his Corps having loſt one another in a Wood (call'd to this day *Cut-throat-wood*) call'd one to another, *Where art? Where art?* To which the Martyr'd head Anſwered *Here, here*; and following that voice, they found a Wolf ſitting upon his Breech with their Kings *head* in his *Fore-paws*, not having at all worryed it, but quietly Surrendred it to them.

Tim. *Yes, and from this* Lye *of the Monks; that Town bears for its Arms* --- The Wolf *holding a mans* Head *in that Poſture* --- *But pray go on, for theſe are fine ſtories for old Women to paſs away Winter-Evenings with in the Chimney Corner.*

Hodg. What ſay you to St. *David*, who being to Preach to a Britiſh Synod, and the place not being very Convenient for

for him to be heard, the *Earth riseth up under his Feet*, till it became a *vast Mountain*, from whence his voice was heard like a Trumpet far and near.

Tim. *I never knew before how Wales came to be so full of* Mountains, *it seems St.* Taffy *raised them to serve instead of* Pulpits.

Hodg. The same St. *David* invited St. *Kined* to his Synod, but he deny'd to come because he was *Lame and Crooked*, unfit for such Holy Company and unable for the Journey, whereupon *David* prays him *strait* and *sound*; and yet (did ever man hear of such a *Cross-grain'd-Saint*?) he still refuses to come, which raising St. *Taffies* Welch *blood*, what does he but unprays that Prayer? and *Kined* is again as *lame* and *crooked* as ever he was.

St. *Dunston* once Arch bishop of *Canterbury* being about to consecrate a Church, observes it stood not with its Chancel right East, (a grievous Error and like to spoil all) but the Bishop putting his shoulder to the

Wall, gave it an *Hitch*, and presently made it stand Canonically. This was he that catcht the Devil by the Nose with a pair of red-hot Tongs, when like a man he peep'd into the Window of his Cell, and talkt to him about Women; and made old Nick roar out most horribly.

Tim. *And truly I think he serv'd him right enough, what made him there?*

Hodg. But, O Saint *Winefred!* she must not be forgot: This *Welch Lady* you must know, had vow'd *Virginity*, and was woed by a *Kings Son*, who was so hot upon her he would take no denial: To make her escape, she pretends to dress her, but slips out at a back door, and runs towards the Church; On the side of the Hill, her Suitor overtakes her, who (like a barbarous *Clown* as he was) *cuts off her head*, and in the spot where it fell to the Ground, there immediately starts up a *Well* (which to this day is famous amongst *Welch Catholicks* for no body knows how many *Cures* and *Miracles*, they

they frequently going to this St. *Winifred's Well* in Pilgrimage.)

Tim. *And well Imploy'd they are the while.*

Hody. Hold, hold, the best is still to come; The *Head* though it had left its *Heels* behind, trudges on to the Church, and comes in amongst the People, where St. *Benno* was going to say *Mass*. They were all amaz'd you must think at so sad a Spectacle. The *Man of God* takes up the Head, seeks the Murtherer, and finds him wiping his bloody Sword upon the Grass, he pronounces his Curse against him, and without troubling a Constable, forthwith he falls down dead. St. *Benno* often kisseth the Head, joynes it to the Body, Covers it with his Mantle, and away goes he to the Altar and says *Mass*. Which done, to the Body he returns, and there makes a Sermon (but I do not hear of any Mountain he raised for a Pulpit) then prays for the *Virgin*, whereunto all the people say *Amen*. Presently the Virgin riseth up as if she had been but asleep

all this while, wipes her pretty face from Duſt, Blood, and Sweat; goes to Church to return Thanks, and lived fifteen long years afterwards; only in her Neck, where her Head had been Cut off, there was a Circle like a white Thread all her life time.

Tim. *Let me be troubled with no more of your* Popiſh Foppiſh Miracles; *this* Rank *one has quite turn'd my Stomach. All I ſhall ſay is only this:*

When men to lying do apply their mind,
The Devil prompts to what they are In-
(clin'd.
And though things were ſo falſe they do
[obtrude,
It is Believ'd by th' Graceleſs Multi-
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THE

The Sixth Lesson: *Of Popish Treasons, and Cruelties.*

Tim. *For my part I think the greatest Miracle in Popery is, that considering the Prodigious Treasons and Cruelties it has Committed in the World, yet there should be People found so stupid as to Embrace such a* bloody *treacherous Confederacy, for the Religion of the holy Jesus, the God of Love and Prince of Peace.*

Hodg. Tis true, there have been some *Severities* us'd, but then you must remember it has been against *Hereticks*, and for the Propagation of the *Catholick Faith.*

Tim. *Yes, yes, and with them all are Hereticks that will not join in their Idolatries, and Truckle to their Superstitions, and every thing that tends to the advancing*

advancing of their own boundleſs Ambition and Inſatiate Covetouſneſs, they guild over with ſpecious titles, and ſay 'tis for Propagation of Religion. But ſince you ſeem willing to forget or palliate over their Butcheries, *I ſhall give you a few* Inſtances *(amongſt many hundred others) of their Catholick Charity.*

The very Foundation of the Papacy *is laid in* Treaſon *and* Rebellion, *for about the year of our Lord* 606. *bloody* Phocas *having murthered his Soveraign Lord* Mauritius, *and ſetting up himſelf as Emperour, The better to colour his Villany, and ſettle his ill-got dignity by the favour of the Biſhop of* Rome, *did beſtow on* Boniface *the Third then Biſhop of that* See, *the title of univerſal Biſhop, and granted him the priviledge of Primacy over all other Churches.*

About 140 *years after this,* Chilperic *being King of France, a Prince ſomewhat dull and addicted to his pleaſure, leaving all the management of Affairs to his Servant* Pepin, *whoſe ambition prompting him to uſurp the Kingdom,*

dom, he proposed this wise Question to Zachary, at that time Pope of Rome, Whether he that did the duty of the King, did not rather deserve that Title, than one that onely had the name, but neglected the Office? That is in plain terms, whether he did not deserve to be King better than his Master? The Pope resolves he that did the Business deserved the Honour, and therefore fairly deposes Chilperic (the first Example of that kind) expressing no reason in his Sentence save onely this——That he was unfit to Reign; and he Confers the Crown on Pepin, who in Requital bestowed upon so good a Benefactor large Temporal Dominions, which to this day are enjoyed by the Popes by the name of St. Peters Patrimony.

Did not a Monk poison our King John, and was so zealous to do it, that he resolved upon his own death by drinking first to the King out of the same Bowl? How many Scores of Treasons were there set on foot by the Papists, and fomented by the Pope, against that godly and renowned Queen Elizabeth? Re-

bellions

bellions were raiſed in the North in the years 1566. *and* 69. Ireland *is invaded by* Stukely *at the great Charges of the Pope* 1578. *The next year* Sanders *is ſent thither from his* Un-Holineſs *with conſecrated Banners, and the year following* San Joſeph, *with* 700 Italian *and Spaniſh Soldiers, and the Popes promiſe of an Hundred Thouſand Crowns, to carry on the Bleſſed Rebellion.*

But all theſe Projects being defeated, in the next place the Life of that Good Queen is attempted, firſt Somervil, *and* Hall *a Prieſt, conſpire to Murther her;* 1583. *who being Condemned was found ſecretly Murthered, leſt he ſhould diſcover others; Then the Spaniſh Ambaſſador ſets on* Throgmorton *and* Parry *to diſpatch her, who had full Pardon of all his Sins ſent him by the Pope, who by a Letter from Cardinal* Como, *taken with him, that he ſhould not only obtain, but alſo that the Pope would further be his Debtor for killing the Queen; For which the ſaid* Parry *was Executed,* 1585. *The ſame year one* Savage *inſtigated by* Gifford *and* Hodgſon, *two*

Prieſts,

Priests, made a vow to kill her; And the next year Mr. Babbington a young Gentleman Engages to Murther her; perswaded thereto by one Ballard a Jesuit, and made believe he should Marry Mary Queen of Scots. After this, Stafford and Moody Design her Death, the latter proposing to lay a Train of Gunpowder and blow her up. Then in 1588. came the Spanish Armado, on Twelve of whose Chiefest Ships the Pope had bestowed the names of the Twelve Apostles, and on the whole Fleet his Blessing, which proved not worth three Leaps of a Louse; for by Gods contrary Blessing on English Valour, they were all shattered, and most of them destroyed.

This Force failing, they return to their former base and cowardly Treasons, and then Lopez a Portuguez Doctor, (or rather a Jew) is hired for 50 thousand Pounds to poison her; and after that, Squire encouraged by the Jesuits came over on purpose into England to make her away, bringing with him a Curious poison with which he Annointed the Pommel of her Saddle, that as she laid her hand

hand thereon, it might be received, and so Conveyed to her Brain, as she had occasion to move her hand to her face. But God preserved this Glorious Queen from all their Attempts.

Her Successor was King James *(Grand Father to our present Gracious Sovereign) against him in the year* 1605. *was framed that horrible Conspiracy call'd the* Gun-Powder, *By which they intended to blow up King, Queen, Prince, Bishops, Nobles, Judges, and all the Commons-house at one blast, and yet had so little pitty or Remorse, being blinded with mad Zeal, That Sir* Everard Digby, *one that was Executed for it, declared he had never medled in't, had he not been satisfied 'twas* for the Glory of God; *and that of all that should have been destroy'd, he believ'd there would not have been two* worth saving. *Possess'd with the same popish madness,* James Clement, *a* Jacobin *Fryar, Assassinated King* Henry *the Third of* France, *Encouraged by the Prior of his Convent, telling him* he might do it with a safe Conscience, and if he should be slain

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slain in the Act, his soul should immediately ascend into the Quires of the Blessed. *So* Ravilliac, *by the Instigation of the Jesuites, Murther'd that brave Prince* Henry *the fourth of* France (*surnamed the Great, and Grand-Father to our present King by the Mothers side.*) *How great an hand they had in our late Rebellion here in* England, *and bringing King* Charles *the first to his Martyrdome, might be made out in several particulars, and what a damnable Plot they had contriv'd but the other day against the Life of our King, and to subvert our Religion and Government; and their Butchering of Sir* Edmundbury Godfrey, *and wounding Justice* Arnold, *will never be forgot, notwithstanding all their Impudent denials, or Sham-plots to Cover it.*

Thus much for popish Loyalty, *now as to their Charity. The poor Christians called the* Waldenses *in several parts of* France, Savoy, Piemont &c. *were persecuted at times by the Popish Prelats and Fryars for near* 400 *years, or upwards, during which space 'tis believ'd there*

were

were not fewer than one Million of men, Women, and Children, of that Sect, meerly for their Religion, by various sorts of Cruelty and Tortures put to Death and destroyed.

What Multitudes have suffered in England for the Opinions of Wickliff, and the Protestant Doctrines under several of our Kings, and in the short raign of Queen Mary, though she succeeded a Protestant Prince, and the Protestant Religion was establisht by Law at her coming to the Crown, and though she had promised to continue the same, yet (like a right Papist neglecting her promise and trampling on the Laws) she got a Parliament packt for her turn, and the popes Authority Re-establisht; and then in less than five years space caused several hundreds of Godly Protestants to be burnt to Ashes. I have not room to Insert the barbarous outrages practised by the Papists in Bohemia, Germany and other places, as at Magdenburgh in the year 1631. when they burnt the whole City, and put at least 20 thousand persons to death, where Ladies and Gentlewomen were

were yoaked together like Beasts, and so turn'd out into the Woods, there ravisht by the Common Souldiers, and then either murther'd, or their Ears and Noses cut off. In Pomeren, they forced the Protestants to eat their own Excrements; and if any refused, thrust them down their Throats, till they were choaked. Some they tormented with Cords about their heads till they twisted their Eys out, and the blood ran out at their Ears, Noses, and mouths. To others they ty'd burning matches between their fingers, yea they Cram'd the Secret parts of several Women with Gun-powder, and then set fire to it, without the least respect to Humanity or the Modesty of Nature They plained the Faces of others with Chisels, and others they caused to draw on boots filled with Scalding Oyl, and so roasted their Legs over the Fire; At Magdenburgh they ravisht the Wife and three Daughters of one of the Ministers before his face, stuck a sucking Infant on the top of a Launte, and last of all burnt him in a fire made with his own Books.

In the year 1572. The Queen Mother of

of France *and other Zealots of the Pope's faction, form'd a Conspiracy to Massacre the Protestants, and that they might do it with less suspition, a peace is concluded, all former Animosities seem forgot, and a Marriage concluded between the King of* Navar *a protestant and the French Kings Sister; to this Wedding the Chief of the Protestant Nobility are drawn from all parts of the Kingdom, being invited by the King with all the signs of Love and Friendship; The Admiral* Coligni *(Head of the Protestant Lords) was Cautioned by his Friends, but would not seem to distrust the word of a King, and so was cut off, with the rest: For at the Tolling of a Bell before day, their Blood-Hounds being all prepared, They first Murthered the said* Coligni, *then the Nobility and Gentry that lodged near him, and so all Protestants throughout the City; So that there was that night above Ten Thousand Protestants Murthered in* Paris *and within a fortnight after above thirty Thousand in several other parts of* France,

Hodg. And yet *Gabriel Maudre* Library-Keeper to Cardinal *Mazarine* in his Book Intituled *Coups d' Estate*, Complains that the work was done but by halfs, and is angry that there were not twice as many more killed.

Tim.

Tim. *By that, you may perceive the Spirit of Popery, but ſure that Charitable Gentleman need not be ſo much offended with dear Catholick Brethren of* Ireland, *who beginning a moſt deſperate Rebellion in* October 1641. *wherein they are Encouraged by their Pope, and had his Nuncio to aſſiſt in her Councils, did between that time and the Ceſſation of Arms,* Sept. 15. 1643. *which was not full two years, Maſſacre, and by one means or other deſtroy above Three hundred Thouſand Proteſtants* Engliſh, Welch, *and* Scotch; *and the Barbarities they uſed were ſuch, as Devils could not Invent, nor Savage Heathens execute greater. A thouſand men women and Children they drowned at once at* Portadown-*Bridge, pricking them forwards who were before (both men and women all ſtrip ſtark naked) with their Sktinsin to the water and knocking thoſe on the Head or ſhooting them that were like to ſave themſelves by ſwimming. In all parts of the Kingdom there was nothing but Murther and Devaſtation: The Villains would not ſuffer the poor Proteſtants ſo much as pray before they Murthered them; ſome they buried alive, ſome being grievouſly wounded they hung up by Tenter-Hooks to ſtarve at leiſure; Others were hanged up by the Arms whilſt they ſlaſht their Bodies with their Skeins, to try how many Cuts an* Engliſh Heretick *would endure before he dyed. Women they raviſht, ſuch as were*

with

Tim.

with Child they ript open, Children were forced to Execute their own Parents; of the Fatt they made Candles; a young Irish Cow-Boy *boasted he had killed 36 Protestants, nor did dispatch any without horrid expressions of malice, Their last Farewel cemmonly being*—— Anim a Duel, Thy Soul to the *Devil. One Mr.* Watson *they roasted alive, and Cut Collops out of his Buttocks. At* Kilkenny *on a Market day they brought seven Protestants Heads and set them up in the Market places; One of them being a Minister, thiy slit his mouth from Ear to Ear, and putting a* Leafe of a Bible *before it, bid him Preach, for his mouth was wide enough. Their malice against Bibles was extream, wherever they met with them they tore them to pieces, not without horrid Curses and Blasphemies*——*And thus you have seen some Sprinklings of pure Popish Charity.*

The Seventh LESSON: *Of Popish Excuses, Equivocations and Sham-plots.*

Hodg. WEll, but for all this, the Roman Catholicks have much to say for themselves, and when you hear them tell their own stories, these things do not appear so black as you represent them.

Tim. *No, twere wonder if they should;*

when

when they have ready so many thousand Jesuites and Priests, a principal part of whose busines it is to Coin Lies *for the service of the Church; what they cannot* Justify, *they* deny; *and what they cannot* deny, *they* Justify; *for all their Villanies they find out Colours or Excuses, or lay their* Odious Bastards *to other peoples doors. Thus if the Gun-powder Treason had been accomplisht, all the Odium of it was to have been laid upon the* Puritans; *and when it was discovered, then some of them have had the Impudence to say, there was nothing in it, but a Plot of* Cecil *and King* James *himself, against the poor Innocent Catholicks, so that tho they could not blow up his person, they would be sure to blow up his Reputation; as if that Prince were so wicked to execute so many persons unjustly, and mock God for ever with a Thanksgiving for a Deliverance which was not.*

The Massacre *at Paris they say was only to prevent a Design of the Protestants, and the Rebellion of* Ireland *a necessary defence; thus they were not content to Murther Sir* Edmund Bury Godfrey, *but they must hire their lying* Libellers *to give out that he was guilty of his own death. Nay their whole Plot so oft declared to be real and horrid by his Majesty and several Parliaments, must be blown off with a Noise of a Presbyterian Plot, without the least proof or Circumstance evincing any such thing. To this purpose they teach the Doctrine of Equivocation, whereby their Disciples may, tho*

upon

upon Oath, *deny the plaineſt Truths, with the help of a mental Reſervation; as their great* St. Francis *being askt by ſome that purſued one that had committed Murther, whether he ſaw him? tho he went by him but juſt before, clapt his hand in his* ſleeve, *and ſaid,* No forſooth, *he did not go this way, meaning, that the Murtherer* did not go through his ſleeve. *Thus they maintain, If one of their Prieſts be Examined by a Magiſtrate, he may deny his being a* Prieſt, *and reſerve this meaning to himſelf,* I am not a Prieſt *Guilty of Treaſon, or* to tell you, *or the like.* Francis Treſham *a Papiſt concern'd in the powder Treaſon, had confeſs'd ſome Converſation with* Garnet, *but afterward being upon his death-bed, and juſt at the point to dye, ſome prieſts prevailed with him, for excuſing* Garnet, *to make a Recantation under his hand in a Letter to the Earl of* Salisbury, *wherein he proteſted as a dying man, and call'd God to Witneſs,* That he had never ſeen Garnet *for ſixteen years before, as he hoped for Salvation, and within three hours after the writing thereof dyed; and yet after all this,* Garnet *not knowing of this Recantation did upon his Examination ſet forth, that he and* Treſham *had been often toge therin that time; and the ſame appear'd alſo by the Examination of* Mrs. Vaux.

Hodg

Hodg. Then the Proteſtations of our late Jeſuits at the place of Execution, about their Innocency, I perceive are like to be but of little value with you.

Tim. *Not worth two ſtraws, I'le aſſure you, to any man of ſence, eſpecially ſince* Gawen *had the Impudence to affirm at the ſame time, that* Mariana *was the only Jeſuit that had taught the Doctrine of* King-killing, *which every one meanly acquainted with Popiſh Authors knows to be a moſt impudent* Lie.

Leſſon the Eighth.

Of the lewdneſs of the Pope and his Clergy.

Hodg. BUT ſtill I ſay the Papiſts have the advantage of all other ſects for *Purity* and *Holineſs*; their Church is *Holy* Church, their Pope is his *Holineſs* in the Abſtract,

they have *Holy bones* and *Holy Stones*, Holy dayes and Holy hours, Holy *Water* and Holy *Salt*, Holy *Monks* and Holy *Nuns*, every thing almost is Holy there.

Tim. *Yes, yes, most abominable* Holy, *witness honest* John Gerson, *who tells us that the state of the Church is grown altogether Brutish and monstrous, and the Cloysters of Nuns become the Stews of Harlots, and Cathedral Churches made the Dens of Thieves and Robbers: Witness St.* Bernard, *who sayes, their Churches were not pastures of Sheep, but of Divels, and cries out, that in their Bishopricks, Justice, Right, Honesty and Religion were lost: Witness* Elpencæus, *who complains, that our Ancestors wisht that Clerks should turn their Wives into their Sisters, but now our Age turns them into Whores and Harlots, and consequently instead of a lawful Issue, fill the World with their Bastards: Witness* Erasmus, *who affirms that a number of Monasteries are so degenerated, that the Stews and publick Brothel-houses are more Chast and*

Sober,

Sober, and modeſt than they; *their* St. Thomas Aquinas *indeed makes a cleanly compariſon, that a Whore in the World is as the Pump in a Ship, or a Privy in a Pallace*; *take theſe away, and you ſhall fill them with ſtench and annoyance, and therefore ſurely upon this account* Rome *muſt needs be very ſweet and pure, when in that City alone, in the year* 1565. *there were reckon'd no fewer than* 2800. Curtezans *or publick Whores. The Supplication of Beggers tendred to King* Henry *the* 8th, *aſſured him that by vertue of the ſacred Votaries, there were an hundred thouſand* Whores *in this our Nation: The fathers of the Council of* Mentz *confeſs that ſome Prieſts lie with their own Siſters, and beget Children of them: Friar* Menotein *in his Sermons drops this expreſſion, that all the Goods of their Church-men, paſs away upon threee words of the* Ave Mary; *firſt* Benedicta tu, *in their great Pomps and Braveries*; *the ſecond in* Mulieribus, *in their Whores and Goſſips*; *the third* Fructus ventris, *in Banquets and Belly-chear, and verily (ſayes he) it ſeems,*

that our Prelates were ſent of God by way of a Scourge to us, or rather given by the Divel to ruine and deſtroy the Church, ſo that there is no doubt but the Streets of Hell are pav'd with the Skulls *and* Shaven-crowns *of our Prieſts. Father* Bromiard *tells a pleaſant Tale of a* Prieſt *returning from his Harlot ſomewhat late, who hearing a lamentable noiſe of a Ghoſt not far from him, askt what or who he was? the Ghoſt replyed, who art thou that askeſt? A Prieſt, ſaid the man, — A* Prieſt? *ſayes the Ghoſt, a* Prieſt? *and being ask't why he doubled the word with ſuch vehemence and admiration, anſwer was made by the Ghoſt, That there came daily* ſuch Swarms of Prieſts to Hell, *that he did not think it poſſible there ſhould be* one *left alive upon Earth: And elſewhere he ſaith, that ill* Prelates *commit Souls to the* Devils *to keep, that is to* lewd Curates, *which deſtroy them more than the Devils themſelves, for the very Devils would not commit ſuch riotous Outrages, nor give ſo many wicked Examples as our* Prieſts *do.*

The

The Chaſtity and Holineſs of their Nuns is famous, by that multitude of their murther'd Baſtards bones found in a Pond that belong'd to their Monaſtery, here in *England*; and one that liv'd ſometime as a Servitor in the *Engliſh* Nunnery at *Liſbon*, affirms, that there was a private paſſage at a Grate contrived for that purpoſe, whereby the Holy Siſters had free Egreſs and Regreſs to the Chamber of Father *Forſter* their Confeſſor, who he verily believes had *lain with moſt of them*, and that he had ſeveral times ſeen ſome of them in Bed with him; and further, that he could (if he were again in the houſe) go very near a place in a wall, where he would fetch both Leggs and Arms of poor Innocent Baſtards which had been there murthered and deſtroyed.

King *Hen.* 8. before the diſſolution of Abbeys, hearing complaints of their lewd lives, cauſed a Viſitation of them to be made by ſeveral worſhipful and worthy Perſons, who found

therein (ſaith *Balæus*) of Whoremaſters and Sodomites amongſt thoſe unmarried Votaries, that you would think in every Monaſtery were a new *Gomorrah*. Theſe Viſiters publiſht a Book of the Crimes which they found, and the names of the Perſons guilty; by which it appears that in *Battel* Abbey, the Abbot and fourteen others of his Monks were Sodomites, and two convicted of being common Whore-maſters. At *Canterbury* amongſt the *Benedictines* nine Sodomites, and two notorious Whore maſters; one whereof uſed three married Women, and the other kept a ſingle Concubine. In *Auſtine's* Monaſtery there, the Abbot and eleven other Whore-maſters, and one Sodomite. At *Bath* there was a Monk found to have ſeven Whores, three married and four ſingle ones, and was a Sodomite to boot. At *Monk-farly* the Prior had 9 whores: At *Maiden-bradley* the Prior contented himſelf with five Whores, and ſix Baſtards. At *Briſtol* the Abbot had but four Strumpets,

pets, and the Abbot of *Abington* (good man!) had but three; but one of them was his own Sister, by whom he had two Baſtards. At *Shalbred* the Prior was better furniſht, for he had ſeven luſty ſtrapping Whores, and one of his Monks as many; But the Prior of *Bermondſey* had *Laſſes* enow to ſtock all *Kent-Street*, for he had no fewer than twenty Harlots that he kept in conſtant Salary, beſides now and then a *freſh bit* upon occaſion.

If we proceed to their Popes, we ſhall find them ſo far from any real *Holineſs*, or ſenſe of Chriſtianity, that they ſeem to bid defiance to all moral Virtue and common Honeſty, and to have put off all Humanity, being for the moſt part the vileſt Monſters that ever the Earth bred.

Nicholas the firſt, was the firſt that by Law reſtrained Prieſts Marriage, ſaying, That *it was more honeſt to have to do with many Women privately, than openly to keep a Wife.* Which Doctrine is ſo magnified by ſome of his Succeſſors, that a Prieſt of *Placen-*

tia being accuſed to have Wife and Children, was deprived of his Benefice: but upon proof made that ſhe was the Wife of another man, and only his Strumpet, he was again reſtored thereunto.

Sixtus the fourth built in *Rome* publick *Stews*, or Licenſed Baudy-houſes; and that not only of Women, but alſo (O horrid Impeity! for which Divine Vengance rain'd Fire and Brimſtone on *Sodom*) of Boyes, granting the free uſe of that unnatural deteſtable wickedneſs, for the three hotteſt Months in the year. His Revenue which he rais'd by the Curtezans or privileg'd Whores, was valued at Twenty thouſand Ducats yearly.

Alexander the ſixth, while he was a Cardinal was a Conjurer or Negromancer; and was told by the Devil that he ſhould be Pope! He made his Baſtard *Ceſar Borgia* a Duke, and lay with his own Daughter *Lucrece*, who was alſo a *Whore* to her Brother.

Pope

Pope *Leo* the 10th gave himself up to all sorts of filthy Lusts; and in a discourse with Cardinal *Bembo*, utter'd these horrid words, —— See what abundance of *Treasure this Fable of Christ hath brought us?*

Pope *Paul* the third was a Magician, and associated with Fortune-tellers and lewd Villains, his Sister *Julia Farnese* he prostituted to Pope *Alexander*, that himself might be made a Cardinal; he Poysoned his Mother and his Nephew, that the Estates of the whole Family might fall to him: he had another Sister whom he used as his Whore, 'till perceiving that she loved other Company more than his, he Poysoned her. One *Nicholas de Chesme* finding him adulterously abusing his Wife, *Laurea Fernese*, (who was the said *Paul*'s Niece) he gave him such wounds with his Dagger, as he carried the marks to his Grave.

Pope *Julius* the third made a Boy a Cardinal, which being offensive to the rest of the Colledge, some of them ask't him what he saw in this Youth, that

could deſerve ſo great a Dignity? — He anſwer'd, And what I pray did you find in me, that ſhould induce you to make me Pope? He was a Ribbauld and a mighty Blaſphemer, and being a great lover of Swines-fleſh, when his Steward and Phyſitian ſaid it was not good for his Gout, he cry'd, Give me my Pork, I will eat Pork in ſpight of *God*: Another time being in a mighty Rage, and Swearing and Curſing for a Peacock that he loſt, ſome of the Cardinals deſired him to bridle his Paſſion, for why ſhould he fret himſelf for a paltry Peacock? to which he reply'd, If God were ſo angry for an Apple, as to caſt our firſt Parents out of Paradiſe, why may not I that am his Vicar be angry for a Peacock that is worth a Buſhel of Apples.

Pope *John* the eleventh had *Theodora* for his Whore: Pope *Sergius* the third had a Baſtard by one *Marotia*, who afterwards likewiſe arrived at the Popedome by the Name of *John* the twelfth; and the ſame *John* was ſuch a rampant Rogue that he would fre-

frequently raviſh Maids and Wives at the Apoſtolick doors to Stock the Churches Commons: Cardinal *Hugo* when he with the reſt of the Popes Court took leave of *Lions* in *France*, paſs'd this Complement on ſome of the Townſmen. Friends! Since we came hither we have brought you great Commodity, for when we came we found three or four Bawdy Houſes in the City, and now at our Departure we leave you but one, which reaches from the *Eaſt*-gate to the *Weſt*-gate. Pope *John* the twenty third committed Inceſt with his Brothers Wife, and with Nuns, raviſht Virgins and made it his Recreation to debauch mens Wives. About the year eight hundred and ſifty, one *Joan Engliſh* a *German*, and born at *Mentz*, running away in mans Apparel, ſtudied at *Athens*, and arriv'd at conſiderable Learning, came back to *Rome*, and was Elected Pope, but playing the Whore with ſome of her Domeſtick Servants, as ſhe was marching in ſolemn Proceſſion, fell in Labour, and dyed:

dyed; ſhewing her ſelf to be both myſtically and literally *The Whore*; For which cauſe all other Popes ſince, when they go in proceſſion to the *Lateran* Church, avoid that Street, and to prevent the like miſchief for the future, there was an *hollow Stool* (commonly call'd the *Chair* of *Exploration*, in which the new Elected Pope being Seated, the loweſt Cardinal was to feel his Virilities, and be ſure that he is no Woman.

And even in our time, but the other day, we had in effect a She-Pope, for 'tis well known to all Chriſtendom that *Innocent* the Tenth was ſo beſotted to his Whore *Dona Olympia*, that for above eleven years, She govern'd the Papacy, and manag'd and diſpos'd of all affairs at her pleaſure.

Hodg. Come, come, for all this, I fancy the Pope to be a very civil old Gentleman, and his Religion pleaſes me well enough.

Tim. *Yes, yes, a Religion that is ſuited to our natural Corruptions, that allows men to live as they liſt, and yet pro-*

promiſes them Heaven *when they Dye*, that inſtead of the true and Spiritual Worſhip of God, takes up with gawdy Ceremonies and external performances, is never like to want Clients, and if you have a mind to the *braided Wares* of the ſulſome old Romiſh *Strumpet*; If you will with *Solomons young man void of Underſtanding*, go after her as an Ox *to the Slaughter*, *as a fool to the Correction of the Stocks*, and ſet up your reſt in her Houſe which is the way to *Hell*, and *goes down to the Chambers of Death*, I can but take my leave of you with Pitty.

Whilſt to others of my dear Countrey-men I addreſs my ſelf, hoping they will be *Wiſer* than to barter away their Religi-

their Liberties and their Souls for a few ridiculous Trifles. The enjoyment of Truth coſt our Anceſtors within theſe hundred and fifty years Fire and Faggot, and ſuch exquiſite Tortures as none could *Invent* or inflict but they whoſe Heats were ſet on *Fire of Hell*; Nor any *endure* but thoſe whoſe noble Souls were ſupported with encouragements from Heaven: And at this day in *France* we ſee daily many thouſands of Families ruin'd becauſe they will not forſake the purity of Religion. Which God be praiſed we in *England* at preſent enjoy; but how many *Plots* and Conſpiracies there have been, or ſtill may be on foot to deprive us of that invaluable Bleſſing, is well known. And ſo hath *Atheiſm*, Debauchery and

and a Wretched ſtupidity of mind prevailed on many, that they ſeem indifferent whether the *Ark of God* continue with us or not; ſo that we may juſtly fear whilſt we bleſs our Forefathers for leaving us the precious *Legacy* of Truth, our Children may have reaſon to curſe us for ſquandering away that Patrimony, and betraying them to the old *Darkneſs* and Bondage, under which our Predeceſſors groan'd.

The Wiſdome and Goodneſs of God is to be admired, as in all the other Courſes of his Providence, ſo in this of giving the World from time to time a *Taſt* now and then of Antichriſtian Cruelty; ſome remarkable attempt of that bloody Crew in every Age, to let us ſee into the

inſide and very bottom of Popery; as their raging fury in Queen *Maries* dayes, their many damnable Conſpiracies againſt Queen *Elizabeth*; their helliſh Gun-powder Plot againſt King *James*; their burning of *London* in 66. their horrid Conſpiracy againſt his preſent Majeſty, with the Murther of Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey*, *&c* Former Ages ſmarted and paid Sawce for their tampering with the Abomination of Deſolation, yet there are Fools that will ſtill be medling. That which Hiſtory and Hear-ſay report of their Rage, makes but weak and faint Impreſſions on mens hearts at a diſtance, but as all motions dye and languiſh by degrecs; when a new Generation ariſes up that have not felt the loins of *Rome*;

how

how eaſily are they Cajol'd and decoy'd into Accomodation ? Well, ſince we will not believe without ſeeing and feeling, nor take the words of former Ages, God in Mercy permits them to break out ſtill upon the preſent Ages in ſome dreadful Inſtances of damned Villany, that the Cruelty of *Rome* may make the Idolatry of *Rome* to ſtink in the world ; for 'tis much to be feared, that if it were not our *own* Concerns as well as Gods, we ſhould drink in the pullutions of that City with her preferments ; God will therefore make us ſip of her *Tribulations* that we may not be drunk with the Cup of her *Fornications*, but maintain and keep alive in our Hearts a ſettled deteſtation of, and fixt oppoſition againſt that

Religion, whose Faith is *Faction*, whose Promises are *Equivocations*, whose Worship is *Idolatry*; whose Principles are *high Treason*, whose Mercies are *Cruelties*, whose Practices are *stabbing and poysoning* of Kings and Magistrates, and *burning* and torturing the holy Servants of God; whose Frame of Government is a politick design to Enslave the World, and bring the Necks of Princes under their Iron Yoke; whose Heaven is but one of their Popes *Tenements* which he lets out at so much Rent, and their *Hell* but a Bug-bear plot on the *Purse*, and whose *God* is either the Pope, or a little *tiney thing* which the Priest first Creates with a Charm, and then worships the Work of his own hands, and when he has so done de-

vours

vours him. When the design of the restless Jesuite by Fire and Faggot, Wars and Rebellions fails him, he betakes himself then to more refined and small-spun Artifices. If their invincible *Armado* fail, they have a Powder-Plot shall blow us up. If their own Plot to Murther our King and subvert our Government be discover'd, they will forge a Presbyterian Plot, and set us to destroying one another, instead of bringing them to *Justice* that would destroy us all; If they cannot Conquer us, they will corrupt us: when *Scripture* and *Reason*, Ay, and when *Villany* and *Treason* fails them too, they then apply themselves to the Sensualists and Epicures of the World, young *debauch'd Gentlemen*, short-sighted unthinking *Tories*, or Mercenary

cenary prostituted Souls; that for a little present advantage, would cut their own *Fathers Throats*, ravish their Sisters, destroy their Countrey, and undo their Posterity.

And these they make their *Tools* and their Agents to bring about their ends, and by accommodating their Principles and Deportment to the tempers of the Voluptuous, prevail on the *Brutish part* of the Age, and matter not whom they inveigle, so they can but fill up their Muster Rolls, and make their Proselytes threefold more the Children of the Devil than themselves,

To spoil their seducing Trade as far as we can, and give the vulgar Reader that cannot study large Volumes, a just thô brief prospect of Popery, was the Intent

tent of this little Treatiſe, which we ſhall conclude with this Prayer: *From the Tyranny of the Biſhop of Rome, and all his deteſtable Enormities, from Popiſh Maſſacres, Aſſaſſinations, Subornations and Perjuries, from Wolves in Sheeps-cloathing, from Prophaneneſs and Idolatry, from a Papiſts Zeal, and a Jeſuites Mercy*——*Good Lord dliver us*; —— And let every true Engliſh-man ſay *Amen.*

FINIS.



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